THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE HISTORY OF

A MAN OF THE MODE.

A SKETCH OF REAL LIFE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAMES.

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(Concluded.)

THE Man of the Mode had no sooner left the convent, than he went in search of his tutor, and without further delay, informed him of his difficulty, and his proposed method of escape. The gentleman heard him with his usual attention and complaisance, but at length interrupted him.

"Is the lady to accompany us in our flight,' said he.

'Doubtless,' replied the man of the mode, and with a look of some astonishment; 'but why that question?'

'Do you still love her?' rejoined the tutor.

The Man of the Mode replied with a gay negative; adding, that he had started new game.

'Then the nun must not accompany us,' returned the tutor; 'it will occasion a pursuit from which it will be impossible for us to escape. Our lives are at stake; let us not lose a moment. If we fly before your crime is known, we shall gain such ground, that we may defy them; but if we take the nun we are lost.'

This argument was decisive:—horses were ordered; and the Man of the Mode and his worthy tutor departed, leaving the nun to her fate!—They arrived at the seaport without obstacle or pursuit.

You will enquire, perhaps, what was the fate of the nun. The travellers, as I have said, gained the coast without interruption: here, however, they could find no vessel, and therefore were compelled to wait for their passage. This time, as I have heard from the travellers themselves, passed very heavily—from remorse, perhaps?—not at all; but the opera had been suspended from some mismanagement of its conductors.

One day, however, they happened to enter a coffee-house, and to take up a newspaper. The first paragraph was as follows:—

"They write from Rome that a most melancholy occurrence has become the subject of conversation

and curiosity throughout the court and city :'—here the name of the nun was mentioned—' A daughter of the house of Colonna, and a nun of the convent of St. ———, after some days of insanity, of which no cause is known, had at length disappeared. All efforts to recover her have hitherto been fruitless ; it is generally believed she has drowned herself in one of the numerous lakes with which the neighbourhood of the city abounds. The cause of this melancholy event is totally unknown.'

' What can have become of her ?' said the Man of the Mode, as he read this.

His companion and tutor had no time to answer this demand ; for the attention both of the enquirer and himself was in the same instant called off by a crowd collected opposite to the windows of the tavern ; the hoots and laughter of the mob attracted the Man of the Mode and his tutor to the window, to know the subject of their unusual merriment. The first object which saluted their eyes, was that of a lunatic, whose dishevelled hair and wildness of look and gesture, excited alternately the tears and involuntary laughter of the surrounding mob. She at length turned her eyes towards the window, and the Man of the Mode recognised the nun !—The Man of the Mode blushed !

Seeing, however, that the shattered reason of his mistress left her no recollection of him, he regained his composure, and consulted with his tutor in what manner to act. It was at length resolved that the landlord of the house should conduct her as an unknown patient, to the public receptacle of lunatics, and should pay the usual fee for her admission. This was accordingly executed ; and the whole town commended the charity of the English gentleman, who could thus feel and pay for unhappy strangers.

The Man of the Mode, indeed, was at first inclined to inform her relations of her situation ; but as the tutor observed that this might perhaps enable them to trace their acquaintance with her, and thus might lead to some suspicion of what had hitherto so wholly escaped them, the design was laid aside. A few days afterwards they departed from the city, and returned to England.

Such was the Man of the Mode upon his entrance on his grand tour, and such were the advantages which, in common with many others of his countrymen, he derived from it. With these improvements did he return to the expecting arms of his mother. His father was no more :—I had forgotten to mention this incident in the period in which it happened—that is to say, whilst our travellers were upon their tour. His mother, however, received him with a transport of maternal affection, and regarded with equal wonder and

rapture, the indeed visible change in his person and manners.

Being thus in every respect completed, and by a fashionable education adapted to her long-retained purpose, nothing further remained but to unfold it, and excite him to its immediate execution. She did not long delay this avowal; and the Man of the Mode adopted her revenge, and approved of the means with a piety truly filial:—not a moment was lost; a new equipage was ordered, and upon its completion, the Man of the Mode, without further delay, departed for the scene of action.

The faithless lover of his mother had married, as we have already mentioned, a woman of no less virtue than more brilliant accomplishments. A daughter was the only fruit of this union; and at the period of this first visit of the Man of the Mode, she had entered her seventeenth year. She possessed the beauty and merit of her mother; her character, however, perhaps from an uninterrupted residence in the country, and a fondness for books of imagination, had something of a dangerous sensibility, and an excess of warmth and confidence, which made her a too easy victim to the hand which was now preparing for her sacrifice. Upon this his first interview, he could not fail to see the foible of his mistress;—upon this foible he built, as upon a foundation.

As he returned home from his visit, he revolved in his mind the means of success.—'Her virtue,' said he, 'to which she is attached with all the passionate ardour of her nature, is too well founded to be shaken by an immediate attack upon itself; there are no means of betraying her, but by making this virtue itself the instrument of its own ruin; her sensibility, her enthusiasm, the romance and sickly delicacy of her mind must be in the same moment my aim and instruments—by these I cannot fail.'

He had no sooner resolved upon this plan of conduct, than with a persevering industry, which is not unfrequently found in Men of the Mode in the pursuit of any extraordinary mischief, he followed it without weariness or deviation, through its minutest steps. His advantages of travel, and a brilliancy of address, were too successful in the attacks upon the heart of the inexperienced girl;—her age was that of love—that season of life when the soul is alive to every impression of tenderness. The Man of the Mode, however, was not without those talents of eloquence which enabled him to improve and advance this prejudice. To adapt himself more to the foibles of his mistress, and to represent in his own that image of excellence with which her favourite romances had furnished the mind of the unsuspecting girl, he hesitated not to adopt the style, and even the manners of her most adored heroes. In a word, these arts had so well

succeeded, that he was loved with a warmth and sincerity which could only be equalled by his own hypocrisy: he saw his advantage, and resolved, without further delay to avail himself of what he too justly considered as signs of weakness.

During all this time, he had said nothing of marriage; the equality of their rank and even fortune had, doubtless, rendered this the understood motive of his visits and attention: he had hitherto, however, avoided every mention of this subject;—though the modesty of his mistress would not admit her to appear to notice this silence, the increasing tenderness of her affection could not but feel its cruelty. She would sometimes steal a look of languor, and when his eyes happened to meet her own, would withdraw them with confusion. The Man of the Mode saw his time: the affection of his mistress was now at its full height. He hesitated not, therefore, to fix the day; but upon one of those excuses, so ready to men of intrigue, he insisted that the ceremony should be performed privately, and without the knowledge of any one but themselves. This proposal appeared extraordinary: he demanded her consent, however, as a proof of her love and confidence, and she hesitated not to comply.

The unhappy girl was thus put off her guard. The nuptials were to take place within a fortnight after the day on which it was thus appointed; this time, therefore, appeared to her fixed beyond recal; her love, her confidence were thus raised to their full height. Unsuspicious of any thing, unconscious of her own weakness, and not doubting the intention of her lover, she hesitated not to grant him a private meeting. The Man of the Mode was too versed in intrigue to seek to avail himself of this first imprudence. A second, and a third interview passed without any consequence. Her confidence thus increased; a fourth was demanded, and granted;—it is needless to add that her virtue submitted.

The Man of the Mode no sooner left the scene of his triumph, than he flew to the arms of his mother, and proclaimed his success.—It is difficult to describe the rapture of her joy upon this conclusion of her revenge.

The Man of the Mode, to dissolve his connexion with the unhappy victim of his seduction with perfect honour, wrote to her father, demanding her in marriage, with a portion double to what he knew it was either in his intention, or even power to give her:—the proposal was of consequence rejected, and the Man of the Mode, with every suitable formality, declined his visits.

The young lady was for some days astonished at the absence, and still more at the unusual silence of

her lover. Perceiving the impression that the young Sir —— had made upon the mind of her daughter, her mother had the prudence to endeavour to conceal this termination. The secret, however, could not long escape.

It is needless to add what were the emotions of this victim of fashionable seduction, upon the full knowledge of her misfortune; it will be sufficient to say, that another patient was added to the justly celebrated Dr. W——. Her madness, however, was not without those lucid intervals which are, perhaps, more wretched than the disease itself. In one of those intervals she was seized with the pains of childbirth: her sense of the infamy of her situation, occasioned the immediate return of a more furious insanity: her keepers were unable to retain her. With a convulsive strength she broke from their grasp; and throwing herself headlong against an opposite wall, scattered her brains on the floor.—Thus ends the history of the hitherto course of the Man of the Mode.

STERNE'S LA FLEUR.

(Continued from P. 377.)

NUMBER III.

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion.

Shakespeare.

What La Fleur knew of Sterne.

The writer of these papers, in conversing with the very amiable deserving subject of them, was particularly solicitous to draw from La Fleur the apparent temper of Sterne; and above all, a confirmation of such traits in the *Sentimental Journey*, as indicate the refinement of his feelings, and the exquisite sensibility of his soul. Much of this was above the reach of La Fleur's mind;—he frankly acknowledged, that a variety of passages in the travels were so worked upon by this child of whim and versatility, that he *knew not what to make of them.*

'There were moments,' said La Fleur, "in which my master appeared sunk into the deepest dejection—when his calls upon me for my services were so seldom, that I sometimes apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy, to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well meant zeal, and I could see was happy to be relieved. At others, he seemed to have received a new soul—he launched into the levity natural *a mon pays*," said La Fleur, 'and cried gaily enough, "*Vive la Bagatelle!*" It was in one of these moments that he became acquainted with the *Grisette* at the glove-shop—she afterwards visited him at his lodgings, where

La Fleur made not a single remark; but upon naming the fille de chambre, his other visitant, he exclaimed, 'It was certainly a pity she was so pretty and *petite*.'

The lady mentioned under the initial L. was the Marquise Lamberti; to the interest of this lady, he was indebted for the passport, which began to make him seriously uneasy. Cound de B. (Breteuil) notwithstanding the Shakespeare, La Fleur thinks would have troubled himself little about him. Choiseul was minister at the time.

POOR MARIA!

was, alas! no fiction—'When we came up to her, (said he) she was grovelling in the road like an infant and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely! Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself, and resumed some little composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my master *sobb'd aloud*. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived; there he talked earnestly to the old woman.

'Every day,' said La Fleur, 'while we stayed there, I carried them meat and drink from the hotel; and when we departed from Moulines, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother: how much,' added he, 'I know not—*He always gave more than he could afford!*"

Sterne was frequently at a loss upon his travels, for ready money. Remittances were become interrupted by war-time; and he had wrongly estimated his expenses—he had reckoned along the post roads, without adverting to the *wretchedness* that was to call upon him in his way.

'At many of our stages, my master has turned to me with tears in his eyes—'These poor people oppress me, La Fleur! how shall I relieve them?"

Paris, and its endless varieties detained them near four months.

"*An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen.*"

This maxim of Sterne was sufficiently verified through all his journeyings; he never visited them at all—civilities, whenever they met, were all their intercourse together. He delighted to mix with the natives *alone*, of the countries he passed through.

He wrote much, and to a late hour. I told La Fleur of the inconsiderable quantity he had published; he expressed extreme surprise.—'I know,' said he, "upon our return from this tour, there was a large trunk completely filled with papers.'

'Do you know any thing of their tendency, La Fleur?"

"Yes—they were miscellaneous remarks upon the manners of the different nations he had visited; and in Italy he was deeply engaged in making the most elaborate enquiries into the different governments of the towns, and the characteristic peculiarities of the Italians of the various states.'

To effect this, he read much; for the collections of the patrons of literature were open to him—he observed more. Singular as it may seem, Sterne endeavoured in vain to speak Italian. His valet acquired it on their journey; but his master, though he applied now and then, gave it up at length as unattainable. 'I the more wondered at this,' said La Fleur, 'as he must have understood Latin.'

The above hints, which certainly are faithful remarks, leave us to regret, that whoever had the disposition of his papers after his death, should have executed a trust either so negligently or unskilfully, which, properly performed, would no doubt have enriched the world with much valuable research and original remark, and consigned to merited oblivion a thousand *tomes* of tedious travelling, which present not the smallest particle of either.

(To be Concluded next week.)

Communicated for the L. Miscellany.

ESSAY ON AVARICE.

The expense of a liberal education, as many, by sad experience know, is very great; those, therefore, on whom the munificence of parents or friends have bestowed this privilege, ought, by the display of superior abilities, their wonderful inventions, discoveries, or improvements, to make ample compensation for that profusion of expense which has been lavished on their education; it is expected of them, and much disappointment will accrue by the neglect.

Shall it be that the man who has been ever exempted from the toil and fatigue of labour, from the counter, the plough, the axe, and all the drudgeries of life; who, by directing his youthful years to profound study and contemplation, has been supported in the style of a gentleman at the expense of others, shall he, after all this, produce nothing remarkably beneficial to society? *Oh, extremity of absurdity and ingratitude!* For my part, I am so deeply affected by a sense of these considerations, I am resolved to exert myself in such a manner, that it shall not be said education has been bestowed on me in vain. It is my design, therefore, to prove by dint of syllogistic reasoning, that avarice is not a *vice*, but a *virtue*; a point which I hope will be of infinite utility to mankind.

Let none suppose that by *avarice*, I mean frugality, economy, or any thing that already obtains the name of virtue—No; I mean downright, genuine stinginess, and to prevent all mistakes, shall define it to be that habit and principle of

action, which disposes the possessor, at all times, and on all occasions, to exert his utmost abilities to try all means to keep what he has, and get what he can.

Again, It is an acknowledged truth, that conscience is placed in the soul, to approve us for virtuous, and condemn us for vicious actions; but pray where is the man, whose conscience checks him when he over-reaches his neighbour; or, to speak more handsomely, when he makes a good bargain for himself; nay, is there not something within the man that secretly approves his conduct, that tells him he has acted with wisdom, and prudence? have you ever observed a man telling of his successful bargains? does he hang down his head like a *bullrush*? does guilt cover his face with shame and blushes? quite the reverse; joy sparkles in his eyes, while his voice, his countenance, and the whole manner of his conduct discover his satisfaction of mind, his consciousness of superior abilities; and are there not some whose consciences are so exceedingly tender, that they *dare not* give a poor man sixpence, for fear of encouraging laziness, who will give nothing to support schools and colleges, lest they should help to raise up a parcel of lawyers, to tell lies, and cheat people of their money; and finally, who in buying and selling, in hiring and paying workmen, and in all their transactions, never lose sight of this grand principle of action, viz. to keep what they have, and to catch what they can.

Let us now compare avarice with other virtues, or with virtue in general, and see if we do not find a surprising argument; the paths of virtue, as moralists generally say, are at first arduous and unpleasant; so are those of avarice; to speak ten thousand words, to think ten thousand thoughts, in order to catch or keep one poor penny, seems to the young avarist exceedingly difficult; to exert incessantly all his faculties, to devote his whole attention to the pursuit of gain, to deny himself every pleasure inconsistent with that pursuit, to spend his days in toilsome business, and his sleepless nights in anxious contrivance, seems to him utterly intolerable; but, as the practice of virtue might be formed into habits easy and agreeable, so when habits of *avarice* are once fixed in the soul, what was formerly insupportable drudgery, is now easy and delightful; and the conduct which before seemed ungenerous and base, now appears wise and prudent; and the man finds it his aliment to be continually planning, and vigourously executing some scheme to increase his property. In short, as the virtuous have joys and sorrows, peculiar to themselves, so the avaricious, as they have their own sorrows, have joys which they only can participate: and finally as virtue at last meets a glorious reward, so avarice is generally rewarded with dollars, crowns, guin-

eas, half-joes, and eagles; and who will deny this to be a pleasing reward. Oh! the raptures which the successful avarist experiences, when with his hands he feels, with his eyes he beholds, and while his heart admires and adores his chief good! Oh the transports of a strong box! How shall I quit the charming theme! How shall I paint more strongly his superlative felicity! he is as happy—as happy as money can possibly make him! and who, after considering the weight, the force, of these arguments, will refuse to call avarice a virtue? *Erase! erase!* oh, my countrymen, the venerable name from the black list of vices, and enrol it among the superior virtues; what a noble accession would this be, made to the number of the votaries of virtue; and, what praise would be my due for having made the addition! The fame of a Plato, or a Socrates, would be small, in comparison of mine. But, alas! ye venerable worshippers of Mammon! my presaging heart greatly fears, that the stupidity and obstinacy of mankind will, after all that has been said, disappoint me of my fondest expectations, and that you, being refused admittance into the honourable society of the virtuous, will still be obliged to suffer yourselves to remain under the reproaches of the world, by the consciousness of that intrinsic worth, which you have treasured up in in your purses and coffers. But without giving way to despair, let us rather try to obviate these objections of ignorance and prejudice. Some will, perhaps, object, that if avarice be universally admitted among the virtues, benevolence and public spirit must be turned out of doors, or into vices; oh blind souls! oh dull heads, and thick skulls! do you not see, that if avarice were universally admitted, these seeming virtues would become almost entirely unnecessary? Uncertain as human affairs are, a man, furnished with the arts and habits of avarice, would hardly be so reduced, as not to be able to help himself, somehow or other; nay, such a man would live, and make money too, where your gentlemen of profuse generosity, would be obliged either to beg or starve. Nor are the avaricious entirely destitute of benevolence. It is true, they will not perhaps give more than a penny, where the generous man of equal property would give a dollar; or one dollar where the other would give fifty; but then it ought to be remembered, that it is more difficult for the avaricious man to give the small, than the generous man to give the large sum.

It may perhaps, be asked, 'what will become of learning, should avarice universally prevail?' I answer, let learning perish, and sink into contempt, let colleges be torn from their foundations, or changed into stables for horses, or folds for sheep; avarice alone shall supply their place; yes, Mr. Philosopher, if you are not convinced by what I say, go, with all your logic, your

argumentum ad hominum &c. about you, to a wealthy avaricious man, try to convince him, that it is right and proper for him to give twenty or thirty dollars to some public buildings, and if you do not find him possessed of so much quickness of apprehension, shrewdness of genius, and subtilty of reasoning, as will be sufficient to send you away as empty as you came, then I will recall my argument and yield the debate.

There is one difficulty, however, which I fear will not be so easily surmounted ; I am well aware that the fair are generally no friends to my doctrine ; some glorious examples of female avarice, no doubt there are, for, as in every thing else, woman, when she exerts herself, excels the man ; so when the love of money has attracted her attention, it becomes the undivided object of her pursuit, and the *ultimatum* of her actions ; but, alas ! the temple of mammon is deserted, while that of beauty is crowded by female worshippers ! Oh ye misguided females ! do ye not read in novels and romances, written for your instruction, of the irresistible charms, which the nymphs and shepherdesses possessed, when dressed in the plain simple robes, which nature dictated ? and pray tell me, ladies, would not braided hair, adorned with flowers and nosegays, be much more favourable for the display of a fair complexion, than those ungracious, unseemly head-dresses, that eclipse and obscure the beauty of a female countenance ? Is it possible, ladies, that the brightness of silver, or the lustre of gold, has no charms in your eyes ? that the lovely *ring*, the enchanting *clink* of guinea upon guinea, do not captivate your ears ? If all the money which has been expended for the female head-dress, now worn in these United States, was collected into one heap, oh ! what a large, what a delightful sight would there be ! not the golden image that king Nebuchadnezzar set upon the plains of Dura could have had a more brilliant appearance ! Oh what a delightful country would America be, were avarice its ruling passion ! No longer would Eastern luxuries drain off our cash ; soon would the balance of trade be turned in our favour, and the precious metals would flow into our country from every quarter ; we should see not only our wheat and rye, but even our potatoes, cucumbers, and beans, changed into gold ; then would the golden age, of which the *Poets* have so sweetly sung, dawn upon America, ancient simplicity would be restored, and a new scene of things would be opened, where all the evils of luxury, together with the supposed advantages of learning, taste, and refinement, would be utterly abolished, and where the true lovers of money, who are now branded with the names of *grifiers*, *misers*, and *shavers*, would be had in the highest estimation, and accounted the excellent ones of the earth.

P.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE LUNATIC.

No. 1.

Quæ te dementia cepit.—VIRG.

I ALWAYS keep by me a neat duodecimo volume, in which, when an uncommonly bright and new idea comes across my mind, I note it down in my vocabulary. By this means I preserve those sudden flashes of pure and unadulterated genius, with which I am sometimes illumined; and which, but for the continual care and labour of my life, would have perished in the moment of their birth, and have left behind them neither mark nor shadow of their existence. This solicitude and anxiety for my thoughts, has already procured me the name of an eccentric fellow, and my associates of both sexes, have united in bestowing on me the characteristic of an outlandish genius, which I may perhaps hereafter inform your readers of. It is true I am sometimes a little whimsical in my opinions, and who, pray, is not, when "the fit is upon him." How many little crosses are there, that every man in this life, must meet with, which may warp his temper, and turn his opinions away. It is believed, however, that my enthusiastic admiration of that erudite work called *Salmagundi*, has had more hand in this business, than all other causes put together. Since its publication, I am observed to have become strangely extravagant in my ideas, and to have set the world and its wisdom so far at naught, as to have incurred the displeasure of many sober gentlemen, and given great cause of offence to most of my female acquaintances; when I come into the company of my friends, they view me with signs of suspicion and distrust, and in a sort of whisper, say to each other, 'poor fellow, he is not himself!' I often think they take me for a mad-man for when I am about to speak, they eye me with such an earnestness of expectation, that I suspect they are themselves frequently the cause of the strange and uncourtly speeches they accuse me of. Now, though I own I am sometimes a little infected with the humour I have mentioned, yet for the life of me I cannot discover this great change which is said to have been wrought upon my character. I have employed more time about the investigation of this single point, than I ever did about any of the sciences in my life, which, to be sure is saying a great deal, for there is scarcely one in the whole compass of those called liberal, which in my time I have not dabbled in; and after all, the only result of my inquiries is, that I am, excepting the few ordinary changes which time and education are continually working, the same unfortunate Fickle. As it is my usual custom never to give in to an opinion I am unable to assign a reason for, I begged my good friends would cease to torment me about these imaginary

wanderings of the fancy, and that they would at least forbear to treat me as a lunatic, where my lunacy would never be discovered, but for the kind and good natured interest that they took in my welfare. My good old uncle, however will never be persuaded but that I am certainly mad, for he took occasion the other day when I was conversing with a visitant with as much good sense and learning as I am master of, and I am sure it is not a little, to caution him against talking to me, for that there were certain subjects on which I never could speak, without running into such an extravagancy of thought, as would certainly convince him I was deranged. He told him that a work had lately been published, which he feared boded no good to the community, for its authors appeared to have viewed every object with a *jaundiced eye*, that it was my reverence for their writings, that had sapped, he suspected, the foundation of my knowledge, and moreover added, that I had become their true disciple, seeing that they were the daily subject of my thoughts and conversation. The good gentleman failed not to observe his instructions, and he never afterwards attempted to speak to me.

I have lately discovered that there is a settled plan among my acquaintances to exclude me from company, in order, as they say, to compose my spirits; which the physician has informed them is the only thing that will restore me to myself again. A knowledge of this fired me with indignation. I called for ink and paper, and am resolved that since they mean to deprive me of the power of conversation, that I will write, and convince the world that I am not half so mad as many who think they are otherwise.

New-York, April 12.

VARIETY.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

A VERY young clergyman, who had just left college, presented a petition to the king of Prussia, requesting that his majesty would appoint him Dean of a certain place, where a vacancy had just happened. As it was an office of much consequence, the king was offended at the presumption and importunities of so young a man, and instead of any answer to the petition, he wrote underneath: '2nd book of Samuel, chap. x, verse 5,' and returned it. The young clergyman was eager to examine the quotation, but to his great disappointment, found the words: '*Tarry at Jericho until your beard is grown.*'

THE rev. Mr. Kletchke, chief chaplain to part of the army, requested, in a memorial, that the king of Prussia would grant him a

right to appoint all chaplains to the regiments under his care, and endeavoured by many arguments to prove that this right more properly belonged to him, than to the commander of the several regiments. The king's answer, wrote under the memorial was: '*Your kingdom is not of this world.*'

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A young nobleman returned from Paris, where he had spent the greatest part of his fortune, and had acquired nothing but a complete knowledge of all the taverns, brothels, coffee and gaming-houses of that city; soon after his arrival, he petitioned the king of Prussia to give him some lucrative post. In answer to his petition, he received a royal official cover, which inclosed, to the great surprise and disappointment of the young gentleman, *the ace of diamonds.*

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Something Marvellous.

THE shark said to be caught in Walney Channel, with a pair of buckskin breeches, a man's-hand, and a diamond ring, in his belly, reminds us of an account of an enormous whale said to be stranded off Flamborough Head, in the year 1559, in a state of dreadful exhaustion, with a church steeple sticking out of his mouth. On cutting up the sacrilegious monster, which could not be performed so quickly as to prevent his convulsions from setting all the bells a ringing, the whole congregation were found in the body of the church inclosed in the stomach of the Leviathan, in the very act of singing psalms, and the parson in the vestry, taking a glass of wine before sermon!!! We think, whatever may be the extent of the "historic doubts" of some men, they who think the Walney account credible, are bound to believe the Flamborough anecdote, which comes down to us covered with the venerable cloak of antiquity.

Lon. paft.

—

The spare meagre figure of the late Mr. Hare, gave occasion to the following bon-mot of Mr. Selwyn. Mr. Hare had married the sister of Sir Abraham Hume, and it was a considerable time before the Baronet was reconciled to the marriage. When, however, that event took place, Mr. Selwyn expressed his satisfaction to Mrs. Hare, on having heard that *Lazarus* had been received into *Abraham's bosom.* *ib.*

—

Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn: being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, 'What is the matter with you, Tom, (said the Bishop) what are you ruminating upon?' 'A greater work than your lordship's history of the reformation,' answered the son. Ah! what is that?' said the father, 'the reformation of myself, my Lord,' replied the son.

—

Sir John Doyle being lately told in the House of Commons, by those

interested in keeping up the Slave Trade, that the slaves were *happy*, he said it reminded him of a man whom he had once seen in a warren, sewing up the mouth of a ferret; he remonstrated with the man upon the cruelty of the act, but he answered, 'Lord, Sir, the ferret *likes* it above all things.'

A Captain of Grenadiers having some time ago died in the West Indies, his remains were followed to the grave by an Irish servant, and buried with military honours. Upon the discharge of the last round. poor Pat, who had hitherto observed an awful and melancholy silence, loudly exclaimed, "Ah! master jewel, that's the last shot your honour will ever *hear!*

A fellow, on application for relief, was interrogated whether he had ever acquired a *Settlement?* To which he replied, 'Yes, please your honours, I've been a *housekeeper for seven years——in the State-Prison!*" (aside.)

Progress of Gallantry.

With the gentleman and the lady, it is *Nem. Con.*—In a Court of Law *Pro. Con.*—and when left to the Jury, *Crim Con.*

.....

A Baker and his wife, says an Eastern paper, have been committed for having in their possession a large number of forged Bank-notes.—This is a charge of a more serious nature, than a *light* loaf of *bread*, and may involve them in a *peck* of troubles.

A Shoemaker being fined at Stamford, (Conn.) five shillings, for being drunk in view of the Magistrates, poor Crispin allowed he was a *wet sole*, but declared, if they pardoned that offence, it should be his *last*.

When the once celebrated Dr. Shebbears was pilloried for s libel, a little ashamed of his elevation, he hired an Irish chairman to hold an umbrella over his head during the painful ceremony, and for this service the doctor rewarded him with a guinea. Next day the chairman called upon him, and hoped his honour was well—began to hum! and ha! as if he had more to say. The Doctor suspecting his drift, said, 'My friend, what do you want: I thought I paid you yesterday very handsomely?' 'To be sure now,' said Pat, 'and so you did for the *trouble*; but plase your honour—consider the DISGRACE!'

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last. by the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Nehemiah Sammis, Esq. to Miss Phoebe Smith, daughter of Richard Smith, Esq. all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Milledoler, capt. William G. Pease, of Massachusetts, to Miss Phoebe Bernard, of this city.

POETRY.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON ROSALINE'S BIRTH DAY.

HAIL genial power of life the sweet regale,
Hail source of genius, bright effulgence, hail.
Come all ye powers and strike the tuneful lay,
Come every joy and view this natal day:
Come every insect every form combin'd:
Come all ye songsters of the feather'd kind,
Symphonious raise aloft your tuneful sounds,
Till with sweet melody the woods resounds!
Ring loud applause, let every living thing,
Oft praise this day, and of its memory sing.

May this blest day distinguished lustre wear,
And shine the brightest in the circling year;
No sullen gloom its radiant face annoy,
No care, no anxious thought her bliss destroy;
But every pleasure, every blessing meet,
To make her happiness this day complete;
May it, thus perfect, thus complete, still last;
May each succeeding year excel the past,
While nature's self, exhausted of its store,
Shall kindly give, till she shall want no more.

EDWIN.

New-York, April 14—1808.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Lines to the memory of Miss S— M——.

SHE'S gone....the loviest of her sex is fled,
Shut out from sight, and number'd with the dead.
No more her cheering eyes salute our view,
But clos'd by death, their brilliant lustre flew.

Such virtues as her transient life display.ed,
Shall long on memory's page be deep portrayed.
No blooming rose, while on its parent tree,
Could boast more pure exalted charms than she.
Not sports attendant on her early youth
Could swerve her actions from the paths of truth;
Her love for virtue smooth'd her rugged road,
And urg'd her heaven-ward to her father, GOD.

Her mind all goodness, and her nature love,
Join'd with the meekness of the lamb, or dove.
Her gentle soul enhaled ambrosial breath,
And smil'd triumphant at the approach of death.

Even while she bade her friends a last farewell,
Endearing kisses from her cold lips fell;
And tho' each bosom with keen pangs was wrung,
Still pious blessings faltered on her tongue.

The virtuous mourn their dear companion fled—
While in the grave the mouldering clay is laid.
But her bright soul has wing'd its joyous flight,
To the fair realms of ever brilliant light.

A tender sister weeps—but why complain?
Why mourn the loss since death to her is gain.
Cease then, sweet mourner, upward lift your eyes,
Thy sister's soar'd to yonder blissful skies;

Where, gently leaning on her saviour's breast,
Clad in his righteousness, she's now at rest.
Adieu bles'd shade! may we, in heaven, soon meet,
Where joys extatic make the bliss complete.

AMANDA.

New-York, April 14—1808.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

Lines addressed to the beautiful Miss Harriet B. of H——w.

Scribere jussit amor.

My pencil and my heart unite
My passion to reveal;
To you, dear girl, I've sworn to write,
What love cannot conceal.

Could I on my Harriet's soul,
Alike imprint my love;
Or could my muse her heart controul
My wishes to approve;

With equal passion would she deign,
My ardent hopes to meet;
O then away with grief and pain,
My joys would be complete.

LEANDER.

New-York, April, 1808.

EMMA;

OR, THE WRETCHED ORPHAN.

You've heard of Emma, the distracted maid,
The rustic damsel of the lilied vale!
Who was in youthful prime of friends bereft,
Thost friends she held most dear—she wanders now
The living day, and oft the dismal night
The dewy fields among; and culls those flow'rs
That drooping seem, as sharers of her woe.
She once was fair, but *beauty soon decay'd;*
No smiling primrose in the flow'ry vale,
Or fragrant woodbine in the thorny brake
Could add fresh lustre to her glowing cheek.
Alas, poor Orphan! thou hast seen the days,
When all the joys and sweets of life were thine! [thy peace:
But ah! those days have fled! and too
There nothing now remains but distant hope,
To soothe that breast with cruel anguish wrung.
When eve returns, poor Emma then retires,
To gain kind shelter in the neighbouring woods;
For with her friends, she lost her blest abode— (winds blow,
At night she loves to hear the bleak
The dead leaves rustle, or the rain descend;
Should sleep deny her rest, she seeks the spot,
Where cold, her parents lie; there spends the night
In mournful sorrow, o'er their wretched grave!
Poor Emma has become a prey to grief,
No more exists!—Soft Pity, shed a tear!